After Queen Elizabeth had got safely across the puddle on which Raleigh had put his cloak, she said, "I am afraid I have soiled your coat." Raleigh replied in French, "Mon Dieu et mon droit," which means, "My God, you're right." (From "Prize Boners of 1932.") Illustrated by Virginia Huget.

FRANCINE the FRESHIE
By VIRGINIA HUGET

Her Very First Day at a Co-Ed School

She Tries So Very Hard to Make Things Pleasant

GLORIOUS BUCCANEER

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Picture by Virginia Huget

And Dona Serafina—she slipped weakly from her horse in the shadow of an adobe wall. Not entirely unaided, for someone tall and strong and infinitely tender was holding her in his arms.

A FEELING of deep portent filled the long, white-walled room, golden with candlelight, colorful with rare brocades and treasures brought from Spain. Don Emilio de Garayoa, the *alcalde*, stared with deep-sunken eyes at the assemblage before him, men with dark hair and the thin haughty features of the Spanish aristocrat. Pioneers all, in the wild new land of California, whither they had come to try their fortunes. The pueblo of Soledad had prospered. But now a terrible menace threatened it.

Pirates! Blood-thirsty buccaneers who harried the coastal pueblos, coming under cover of darkness to attack the scattered colonists in their homes.

Las Palomas, to the south, had been burned and sacked within the fortnight. And now Soledad, with its peaceful richness, offered an unprotected prize to the insatiable sea wolves' appetites. What to do? Indian sentinels had been posted on the hills overlooking the sea—but no one could be sure of the fidelity of these savages, until their chieftain, Chonco, the medicine man, pledged his faith. And that he had not done.

Behind the worthy alcalde, discreetly in the shadow, sat his wife, Dona Erlinda, staring anxiously, and the younger daughter, Catarina, whose placid gentleness was a reflection of her mother's character. But standing beside Don Emilio as if her right to do so were unquestioned was his eldest daughter, Dona Serafina.

She listened as the talk went shuttlewise back and forth through the golden-tinted room—a talk in which fear was predominant. Now Don Raimundo was speaking. He was her betrothed—had been so since childhood. He was young and (so thought the watchful Catarina from her corner) probably the handsomest hidalgo in California. But in Serafina's opinion there was too much of Madrid in him. She stared at him, listening; her richly red lips twisted scornfully. . . .

"Were we stronger in numbers, gentlemen of Spain, there would be no doubt as to our ability to break the teeth of these marauding sea wolves. But there are as yet so few of us. Would it not be safer for the time being to buy our safety of them?"

The alcalde opened his lips to speak. But Dona Serafina leaned forward, her eyes blazing.

"What we lack, gentlemen of Spain, is not numbers, but courage! What if we are outnumbered ten to one? The more glory for us, the more bitter the defeat to them! And any of these marauders that we can catch alive—we will hang!"

A MURMUR of approbation swelled up from the crowded room. The alcalde lifted his hand for silence. And in that moment the heavy oaken doors at the end of the room burst open. An Indian runner stood there, his brown body glistening with sweat, his black, savage eyes fixed upon the portly figure of Don Emilio. He said a few guttural words in his own dialect, and pointed. Both words and gesture were translated into [illegible] tacked by reconforcements, wavered—and in that wavering were lost.

SERAFINA was on her knees beside the inert body of her father.

"Papacito! Papacito! Thou must not die! We have been victorious, Papacito!"

From the darkness Don Raimundo, with others, came dragging something along the ground. And they flung at Dona Serafina's feet the sprawled, limp body of a man.

"A wounded buccanero!" Don Raimundo panted. "He was trying to escape!"

Dona Serafina drew in her breath.

"To the pueblo with him! To the cuartel! We'll make an example of him for his fellow beasts to know of! And if my father dies — this man shall be treated as his murderer."

The human huddle at her feet moved feebly. With a wrench he turned himself.

"Senorita," he managed in excellent, though faltering, Spanish, "has Your Grace ever heard of the quality of mercy that is not strained?"

She gasped. Surely there was some mistake. . . .

Don Raimundo leaned down, pistol in hand.

"The insolent dog! Let us finish him now!"

She struck back the weapon.

"My father is in command here! Take this man to the cuartel!"

That night, single-handed, Serafina fought with death. Strange, whirling, incoherent thoughts made a turmoil of her mind. The victory over the pirates — her father — Don Raimundo — and, try as she would to banish the picture—the blue-eyed buccanero who had smiled into her eyes with such calm, insolent assurance. . . .

AT DAWN her father opened haggard eyes and spoke her name. Weakly he felt for her hand. She lifted it against her warm lips, fighting back hot tears.

"Little one — the shadows seem so close—promise me, Chiquita, that thou will marry Raimundo, soon. . . ."

"Oh, Papacito, I promise thee! Anything! Only thou must live, Papacito!"

At sunset the alcalde was still alive. Dona Serafina rode out on her coal-black horse and dismounted at the adobe-walled cuartel.

The interior of the one small room with its high, pierced window was almost unbearably hot. The redness of the waning light made the shadows even deeper. And Serafina, hailing at the entrance as Luis, the jailer, slipped back the massive iron bolts, exclaimed in quick dismay:

"Holy saints, man, how then let him escape? Where is the buccanero?" A rustle in the pile of straw at one corner of the stone chamber drew her attention. A white, pain-contorted face lifted itself, and the blue eyes, burning much too brightly, gazed sardonically at her.

"The buccanero has not escaped, Senorita, but is like to, by way of Senor Death's back door unless Your Grace wishes to urge upon the jailer the necessity of

Then it was that she turned eyes of flaming, devastating blackness upon him.

"You would begin our married life so, Raimundo? You would offer your bride as a wedding gift the pleasant spectacle of a man dangling at the end of a rope?"

"But — but —" he could only stammer, "you yourself said—"

"Ah, carambo!" She stamped her foot furiously. "No matter what I said! If you order such a barbarous thing done on our wedding day, I will not marry you! I will leave you at the very altar! Do you understand?"

Understand? How could he, when Serafina herself did not understand—or would not? He only knew that he found her difficult. He caught himself comparing her secretly with the younger Catarina, so gentle, so docile, her eyes so filled with sweetness whenever she looked at him. . . .

IT WAS late afternoon when Serafina rode up to the cuartel.

The buccanero, shaven and clean-looking, as if from a recent bath, was seated companionably on a long bench with Luis, the jailer, separated only by the length of a massive chest, from which the prisoner was carving delicate rolls of shavings. On the tiled floor, cross-legged like a Turk, sat the Indian medicine man, Chonco, his savage brown face alight with interest, his black eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the smiling, blue-eyed pirate, who was telling some story, and emphasizing its details with gestures of the knife in his hand.

"Holy saints!"

Serafina's smothered ejaculation brought the jailer and captive to their feet upon the instant.

"Enter, Senorita!" the buccanero cried out.

Luis made a frightened, deprecatory gesture.

"Dona Serafina — it was at Your Grace's own orders that I cared for the buccanero — and when he recovered, he was a willing helper to me, and seemingly without wish to escape. He is, also, Senorita, a master craftsman, and a carver of wood — I thought it no wrong to allow him to work at the making of a chest as he begged me — is it Your Grace's desire that I put him back into the stone cell?"

Under the mocking smile of the blue-eyed prisoner she flushed scarlet.

"Well—but you must give me your word of honor that you will make no attempt to escape. I am responsible for your—safety—until my father is recovered."

There was no hesitation in his voice as he replied:

"Senorita, I am in your hands—completely. My life has been yours ever since the first memorable night when I saw your blazing eye fixed upon me. As pledge of my good faith, I shall give you the chest. That shall be my hostage to you."

"Very well, I accept it. Hasten the work. I would like to use it—for my wedding chest."

"Ah?" he said, and this time his lips did not smile. "So you are to be married—soon?"

She replied with exaggerated sweetness, "we but await my father's complete recovery."

thing that she had come to do, and she was frightened.

The room was crowded, even as Don Emilio had said, with a group that was like a court. And the tall, blue-eyed buccanero held the place of honor—he and the gorgeous carved and painted chest upon which he was still working.

"A thousand welcomes!" he said to her as she came through the crowd. And for once there was no mockery in his eyes. "It has seemed a thousand years since Your Grace came to see — the chest."

"I have come to tell you," she said clearly and distinctly, "that my wedding day is set for the next Sunday but one. The chest must be ready by that time."

"So soon?" the buccanero asked. "Well then, will Your Grace have the goodness to see if it pleases you?"

She came nearer, and the crowd drew back. She bent over the chest, and pretended to examine it.

She opened the lid and looked inside.

"It lacks the silver bands," she said coldly. And then her lips moved rigidly: "Can you hear me?"

"But yes, Senorita," he answered aloud, "they are even now on their way from Guanajuato." Then he bent down beside her. "Dona Serafina, even when you are not beside me, I can still hear your voice!"

"There is a plot of red here that is bad. (Listen to me, and do what I command you!)"

"What clumsiness!—My friend the Indian witch doctor must have cast an evil eye upon me at that moment! (I am at your command, now as always, Dona Serafina!)"

"And here—*Bless me!* Here is a corner that is neither carved, nor painted! What does that mean? (My father will order you hanged. I do not wish you to die. Escape—tonight! I will arrange it with Luis!)"

"Ah, the corner, Dona Sera-

ed here like sheep, without making resistance? To arms! Once they came, and we defeated them! Up and at them, caballeros! *Santiago! Santiago and at them!*"

They caught up the cry as they rushed out into the blackness of the night. Some of them found horses, and some ran on foot. Upon her coal-back horse galloped Dona Serafina, her face a mask of despair—of utter recklessness.

At the plaza they met the buccaneros, a wild, terrible crew.

"Santiago! Santiago!"

It was Dona Serafina's voice as they mounted defenders flung themselves against the pirate's swarming numbers.

And then — from out of the

ning and stumbling from the hacienda. She was like one bereft of her senses, with tears streaking her face, crying out over and over, "Raimundo! Raimundo! Where art thou?"

Then suddenly she found him. She was in his arms, for all to see, and he was kissing her passionately, unashamed, as if it had always been she who he had loved. . . .

And Dona Serafina — she slipped weakly from her horse in the shadow of an adobe wall. Not entirely unaided, for someone tall and strong and infinitely tender was holding her in his arms.

"Foolish little one!" he was saying, his lips very close to hers, "to brave death — and [illegible] such a [illegible] camel. Even as

OUNG MAN

Picture by Virginia Huget

gazed and Marya gazed in warm admiration.

"There it is," said Jimmy. "The little one."

"It is a lovely car," said Marya, "and you are only making me feel sad."

"I have been talking to the man," he explained. "We buy that car for two hundred and fifty down and then so much a month, not very much, and that's all there is to it."

"Where would you get two hundred and fifty dollars," she asked mildly, "just supposing I said yes?"

"I don't care what you say. Day after tomorrow I am buying that green coupe with the silver dog on the radiator, and you get it, whether you say yes, aye or no."

Marya said neither yes nor no, because of her belief that Jimmy was talking nonsense, as he did a great deal of the time. But he was not this time. It was his definite intention to purchase, and he knew precisely how to lay hands on the important sum needed to start negotiations, for a business opportunity had unexpectedly presented itself, coming from one Mr. Starkey, a gentleman who manufactured films down on Poverty Row. Mr. Starkey was known to Jimmy, having employed him in the past on airplane bits, always underpaying him, a gift for which he was noted even on Poverty Row.

In the Starkey studio there reposed the greater part of a stirring movie drama, finished and right away, quick. I've been held up long enough."

"Day after tomorrow," said Jimmy, and that was the evening he led Marya around to the motor store and showed her the green coupe.

The next day luck changed for Miss Evans and a studio sent her a telegram, saying to come at once and have a job at five dollars a day. The sun began to shine again. The extra job promised to run along for several days—Swiss peasant with a funny petticoat—and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the first day, the assistant director, one Fred Herdy, invited a group of workers to stroll into Projection Room A and survey some new stuff, and among those present was Marya, the Swiss milkmaid.

The new stuff proved interesting, as it consisted of miscellaneous takes, bits from this and bits from that, some news film

tion of dragging him out with her own hands.

When she reached the trees, the cracked plane was surrounded, and when the white-faced girl tried to break through, someone seized and thrust her back with an angry word. The Swiss costume identified her as a movie extra, a mere curious girl trying to get close to the ambulance interne, who was already going over Jimmy and tearing up bandages.

The stunt flier came out of the wreck with his eyes closed, and somebody pushed Marya still farther back. She was making inarticulate sounds and repeating his name weakly and saying he was dead, which was not the truth. There were broken bones, and no wonder, but no fatal wounds, and when this news was conveyed to Mr. Starkey he breathed more easily. Marya turned to the empty ambulance, waiting for its load, and there

The two wings snapped off and hung crazily among the branches.

pared again to be a Swiss damsel, and after a few hours' labor among the pasteboard Alps, she went to lunch, and on the way she encountered Mr. Herdy.

"Say," he began. "You spoke yesterday about Jimmy West, and I told you he was a nut, didn't I? Well, what do you suppose he's at today? I just came from Joe Starkey's studio, and Joe has a company out at Santa Susanna Field on a stunt job with Jimmy. He's to knock off both wings, run through a couple of trees and probably kill himself, and all for two hundred and fifty smackers."

Marya's knees suddenly felt weak.

"When are they doing this?" she asked.

"Now, I suppose. No fog, so they're probably shooting. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said, and she proved it by turning abruptly and trotting for the studio gate, with Herdy staring. She passed the gateman, who wondered where the Swiss peasant was going in midday, and hopped into a taxicab.

"Santa Susanna Field," she directed, "and go fast."

Santa Susanna is a bare and pebbly expanse, a sweep of flat earth, with never a tree, but only bushes and yellow rocks, so Mr. Starkey's hired men brought their trees with them on heavy-duty trucks and planted them at the proper distance from each other. When the picture was finished, audiences would behold a forest of trees, made with trick shots, but on Santa Susanna's naked bosom there stood only the two, and Jimmy was tied firmly in his plane, in the hope that he might not perish. Studio hands prepared the ground under the trees, making it soft and being no one to stop her, she gathered up her petticoats, climbed inside, and moved forward to the partition behind the driver's seat, where she found some exceedingly useful straps and a strait-jacket, used in delirium cases. Knowing the young surgeon would immediately order her out, she strapped herself to the wall and in a few minutes they brought Jimmy and lifted him aboard, the driver and the interne. The latter was a youngish doctor, with a kind face, now a bit surprised.

"Won't do you any good to try and put me out," Marya said quietly. "That's my Jimmy, and wherever he goes, I go."

"Miss," said the interne, "I'm afraid you can't—"

"Can't I? I'm strapped here and you'll have to fight me. That's my Jimmy. Is he—is he hurt bad?"

The interne glanced at his driver, who was also a young man, and they decided not to fight. They shoved the silent aviator aboard, the driver climbed into his seat and started his motor and Jimmy was on his way.

"Is he hurt bad?" Marya asked again, removing her straps.

"He's banged up some," said the surgeon.

"Will he die?"

"Will who die?" asked a muffled voice, and Jimmy's face appeared, almost as white as the sheet. "Where are we?"

"This is the ambulance," Marya said shakily. "How do you feel?"

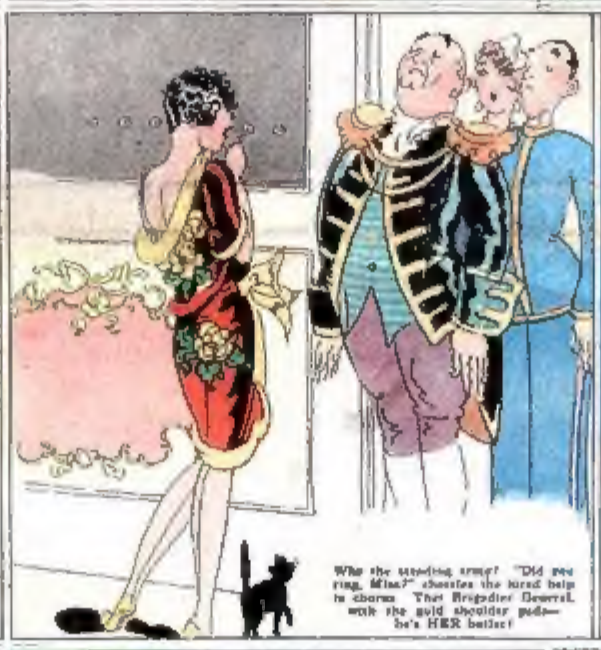
"I'm all right," he answered. "That was quite a knock, wasn't it?"

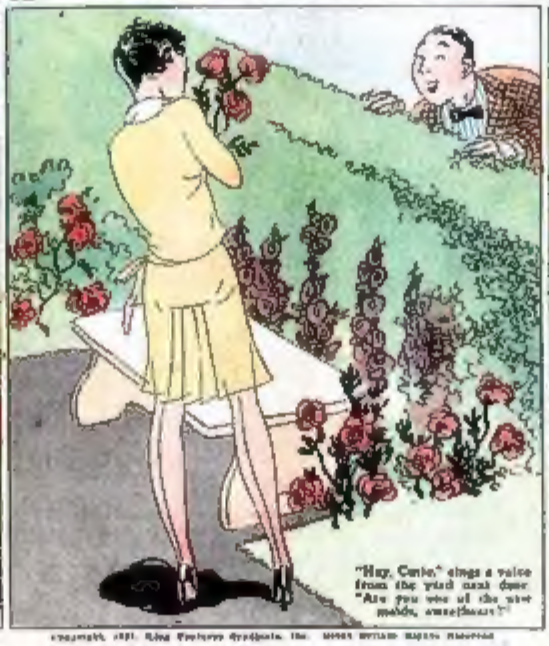
MARYA dropped to her knees and gathered as much of him in her arms as she could. She wept now, without trying for

CAREFUL YOUNG MAN

BABS IN SOCIETY • LOOKING THINGS OVER

By Virginia Huget


Who the attacking army? "Did you ring, Miss?" chuckles the hired help in chorus. That Brigadier General with the gold shoulder pads—he's HER butler!



Roses are not the only fresh things in California, it seems. Babs tosses her crown straight into the young man's open countenance. "Maid!"—she whisper he'd swallow one of those roses, and get a thorn in his throat!

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